

LÃ-till kind

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Summary: She had carried him for so many months, her only wish was that she could have carried him for even longer than that. But, even so, despite the law and his weakness, they would not let their little child die. (yep, I'm terrible at summaries)

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He's tiny.

That was the first thing that registered on Valka's mind as she gazed tiredly at the small babe in the arms of the BjargrÃ½gr. She knew why though, he had been born too early and so the small child was weak and frail. She knew what that meant for the boy.

As the sorrowful gaze was cast towards her as they left the room, Valka cried and shouted. She did not want him to die. She wanted her child. The child who she had carried with her for all those months. _If only I could have carried him longer_, she thought bitterly as she weakly struggled to move, to get to him.

Her cries must have been louder than she thought as her husband burst into the small room, a look of panic across his face. "What's going on here?" He questioned, gazing at the tears on her face. "Is there a problem?" Stoick rushed over to Valka's side, grasping her hand.

"Stoick" she gasped weakly "he's too weak. They'll- they'll take him!" Stoick's face hardened as he realised the situation. His hand tightened around hers "I won't let that happen." He stood and left the room.

"Thank you." She breathed quietly.

Stoick stilled for a second "Well what kind of father would I be if I didn't protect our child." He left, not seeing the pleased smile that appeared on his wife's face.

Xxâ€"Xxâ€"Xx

It didn't take Stoick long to track down his son and the woman with him. "Stop." He called, gaining her attention. The woman gasped as she saw him.

"Chief! Why are you here?"

Stoick stopped once he reached her and held out his hands "I've come for my son." He stated. A look of confusion crossed the woman's face. "But chief, your child is weak and sick, he will not survive. You know what we must do." Stoick stood his ground, keeping his hands held outwards. "I don't care about the rules. This boy is my son, he is not some frail child that won't make it; he is a strong boy who won't give up so easily."

The woman paused, unwilling to argue with the chief. Hesitantly, she placed the child in his father's arms. Stoick nodded, pleased. "Thank you." He said and turned to walk away, cradling his tiny young son in his arms. He smiled, gazing lovingly down at the infant "I'll never let anything bad happen to you." He promised.

Xxâ€"Xxâ€"Xx

Valka cried out in joy as Stoick placed the child in her arms. "Oh Stoick!" She cried "look at him! Our beautiful little boy." She smiled and gently stroked the child's auburn coloured tuft of hair. Both sat in silence as they gazed upon their little child.

"He has your hair and eyebrows." She laughed, breaking the silence.

"Aye, but he has your beauty." He responded.

They laughed, revelling in the joy and happiness of the situation, free from the worry of all the bad things that could happen. Valka pulled the child tightly against her and kissed his forehead.

"I love you." She whispered quietly. "Grow up well my beautiful little Viking, prove to them that you are not weak but stronger than them all."

As she cuddled him closer, she knew he would do just that.

Xxâ€"Xxâ€"Xx

20 years later and Valka had almost given up on ever seeing her son again. She wouldn't see him grow, become his own person and defy expectations. _I bet you turned out just like your father, _she thought wistfully. It was funny, she had thought, how she had fought so hard for him to be with her only to have missed it anyway.

However, as she gazed at her now not so little son, she grinned and sighed in happiness. He had done it, he defied expectations and grew

strong, just as she had hoped. She placed her hand on his cheek and smiled even more as he leaned into the touch. Glancing down at the black dragon at her boys side she realised he had taken after her and not his father.

Unable to take it, she grasped her son and cuddled him tightly against her as she had done all those years ago. Tears clouded her eyes as they embraced each other, lost in a moment that fate had denied them for so many years. She reached up and stroked his messy auburn hair.

"I love you." She whispered "my handsome little Viking."

****Xxâ€"Xxâ€"Xx****

****BjargrÃ½gr= Midwife****

****So yeah, I'm not quite shore where this little one shot came from. My mind just sort of spewed it out. Hope you enjoyed!****

End
file.